POEM.

DEDICATED

To the Right Honourable

Master GODOLPHIN.

BY

SAMUEL WESLEY, M.A.

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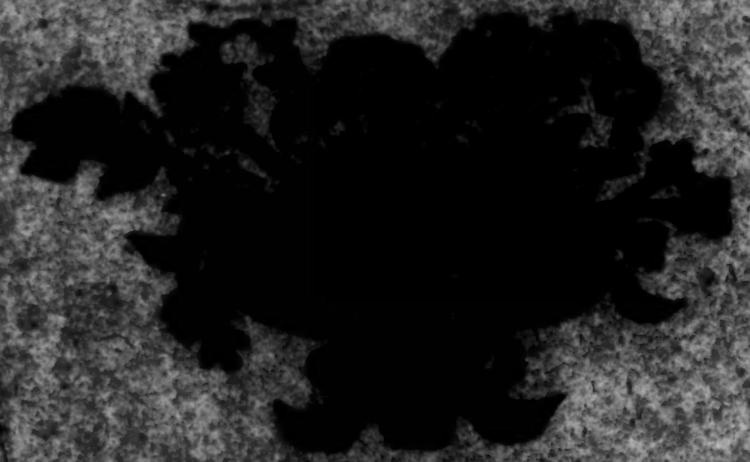

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ALEXANDER
1883
GARDYNE

MARLBOROUGH,

OR, THE

Fate of EUROPE.

TH' *Eternal*, who the *Fates of Empires* weighs,
And with Impartial Eyes the World ſurveys,
Beheld the *GALLIC POWER* ſo haughty grown,
It dar'd *Rebel*, and ſtruggle with his own:
He ſaw the *Monſter*, ſwell'd to vaſt exceſs,
Great *Natures Landmarks*, and her *own* tranſgreſs.
One *Wing* beyond the Snowy *Alpes* was ſtretch'd,
O'er *Pyrenæan* Rocks her other reach'd;
The Volumes of her Dire enormous *Train*
To *Worlds unknown*, beyond th' *Atlantic* Main;
The *German Eagle* next ſhe wings t' invade,
While Nations ſhake beneath her deadly *Shade*.
In vain the *Royal Bird* his *Thunder* bears,
Yet oft, tho' ſtruck to Earth, himſelf he *rears*;
Wounded and Faint maintains a *feeble* Fight,
With equal *Valour*, but inferiour *Might*;
The *Dragons Teeth* fierce New-born *Armies* yield,
An *Iron Harveſt* round the moiſten'd Field;
Inteſtine Foes the *Sacred Empire* tear,
And in her *Bowels* urge unnatural War,
Before *Vienna*'s trembling *Gates* appear,
And ſomething now beyond the *Turks* they fear.
Germany is no more; the *Gauls* advance
O'er Captive *Iſters* Streams, and *all is France*.
The while a *Joy*, to *Madneſs* near ally'd,
Lutetia's Temples rends, and ſwells her Pride:
The Pagans *Sanguine Rites* reproach no more,
Or *Scythian* Altars ſtain'd with *Humane Gore*;
When *Miſ-nam'd Chriſtians* dare affront the Skies,
And *Myriads* heap'd on *Myriads* ſacrifice;

Rank in their *Squadrons*, every *guiltleſs Star*,
And make them *Parties*, in their Impious War.
TE DEUMS now are *Vulgar Anthems* grown,
From *Mattins*, and from *Veſpers* hardly known;
Thoſe *decent Thanks* they oft to *Heaven* renew,
But to their *Monarch* think far *more* are due;
Let *LEWIS ſhine*, they laugh at thoſe *above*,
As Father *Nile* alone is *Egypt's Jove*.
See where he like the *Samian Tyrant* reigns,
And *Fortune* by his Chariot leads in *Chains*,
The Bounds of *Humane Happineſs* ſurpaſs'd
To the *Third Heir*, he ſees his *Ill-got Conqueſts* laſt.
Such was the *Face of things*, ſuch *Europe's* State,
When thus the *Sovereign Arbiter of Fate*.
" Thus far have we th' *Oppreſſors* Fall delay'd,
" But here ſhall his *Inſulting Waves be ſtay'd*;
" *Worthy* our *weightieſt Thunder* now he grows,
" And now 'tis *worthy* Heav'n to *interpoſe*;
" This *Moment*, by th' unchangeable *Decree*,
" The utmoſt Verge of Proſp'rous *Tyranny*.
Then, of the *Powers* that near the *Throne* attend,
And on the wond'rous *Golden Chain* depend.
He ſingles theſe, firſt *PRUDENCE*, Heav'nly-fair
Her Looks *unclouded*, yet with *thoughtful* Air.
The next was *FORTITUDE*; what *ſprightly* Grace,
And *Promiſes* of *Conqueſt* in her Face!
CELERITY was in Commiſſion join'd,
Whoſe Wings out-fly the *Lightning* and the *Wind*;
Then *SECRECY*, with *modeſt Glories* crown'd,
And rob'd in *Clouds*, which Heav'n's bright Throne ſurround.
" Go to the Man, by *Us*, and our *Lov'd Queen* deſign'd
" To humble *Gallic Power*, and *Europe's* Chains unbind!
" Go, and with ſpeed, he ſaid, our *Final Orders* bear,
" His conſtant *Guardians* you, and *Partners* of the War.
They *bow'd*, and *ſwerving* down the ſteep Deſcent,
Born on a beautious *Lunar Rain-bow* went,
And *MARLBOROUGH!* alighted at thy *Tent*,
As on *Moſella's* Streams thy Squadrons lay,
Waiting for *Thee*, and the *Returning Day*:
For now the Silent *Noon of Night* was o'er,
And *Phœbus* haſten'd to his *Eaſtern* Shore;
Thoughtful they found the *Chief*, his Head *reclin'd*,
The *FATE OF EUROPE* lab'ring in his Mind;

His Friendly *Guards*, unſeen Aſſiſtance brought,
Mould the great *Scheme*, and *poliſh* every *Thought*;
Till with *Celeſtial Vigour* in his Eyes,
And *wak'd* from deep *Concern*. " It muſt be *thus*, he cries;
" This ſaves our *Friends*, and breaks th' Increaſing Pow'rs
" Of *France* and *Hell* combin'd, if *Heav'n* be ours.
Then calls to Horſe, his *willing* Troops obey,
SPEED march'd before, and *level'd* all the *way*;
While *SECRECY* a *Cloud* around them drew,
Too thick for ſubtle *Spies* or *Traitors* view.
Such that which o'er God's *Fav'rite Army* ſpred,
And ſafe, thro' *Sandy Worlds*, and trackleſs *Deſarts* led.
Dazled at *firſt* the Foes before him run,
Like Birds *obſcene*, which cannot bear the *Sun*;
O'er *Iſter's* Streams, their *Leader* takes his flight,
And ſhuns, *immers'd in Earth*, the conſcious Light;
There, meditating *Miſchief*, doom'd to wait
Till *France* a while *prolongs*, and *ſhares* his Fate.
Once more from Earth, th' *Imperial Eagle* ſprings
And *prunes* his *Bolts*, and ſhakes his *Moulted Wings*;
Tho' *ſlow* with *Wounds*, his Fate is pleas'd to try,
And bravely bid for *Death*, or *Victory*:
Nor need the *Heav'nly Couriers* ſent to Guide
The *Britiſh Chief*, unguarded leave his ſide,
The *German Heroes* need not preſs to *join*,
And ſhare the Glory of the *vaſt Deſign*.
Who *firſt*, who *next*, ſhall of thoſe *Worthies* claim
Diſtinguiſh'd Honour in the Rolls of *Fame*?
EUGENE the firſt, ſuch *Faith*, ſuch *Valour* ſhown,
Adopted *Germany's*, and *all her own*;
Whoſe *Arms* too well the *Gallic Enſigns* know,
Oft met by *Mincius*, and the Royal *Poe*,
And *roll'd* in *Blood*: Nor *BADEN's* Sword in vain
On *Miſ-believers* drawn, he has his *Thouſands ſlain*;
With theſe undaunted *HESSE*; how *young*, how *brave*,
A *German-All*, he hates the Name of *Slave*:
Triumphant France his Arms have taught to *yield*,
And *trail'd* their *Conqu'ring Standards* from the Field;
What *future Trophies* ſhall our Joys renew!
What *Tow'ry Citadels* ſhall he ſubdue!
More might I ſing, in *Times* fair *Leaves* enroll'd,
How *Prodigal of Life*! how *largely Soul'd*!
Who when the *rally'd Foe*, with cautious Fear
On *Danube's* Banks ſtrove to ſecure their *Rear*;

When

When *Art* and *Nature* in their Camp unite,
Forc'd the Strong *Paſs*, and put 'em *both* to flight;
Earneſt of greater *Sums*, which Fate will pay,
A glorious *Morning*, to a brighter *Day*.
See where the *French* new *Hydra Armies* ſend
At once to *Ruin*, and *Aſſiſt* their Friend;
Till when too *weak*, he not diſdains to try
Baſe *Falſhood*, and *unprincely Treachery*;
Virtues he copy'd from his *Great Ally*.
Pretending *Treaty* wou'd our *Faith* abuſe,
And where he can't *reſiſt* our Arms, *amuſe*:
But *PRUDENCE*, calling Wiſe *DISTRUST* to aid
To the *Confederate Chief*, the Fraud diſplay'd.
So may they *join*, in Happy Hour, ſaid he,
One Fight will yield a *double Victory*.
DEVOTION, which had oft a *Stranger* been
In *Camps*, nor e'en in *Temples* always ſeen,
Drawn by his Great *Example* and *Deſire*
Returns, and does his Vigorous Troops inſpire
With a new *Warmth*, and more than *Martial Fire*;
Secure of Fate, they on Succeſs rely,
'Tis equal with 'em now to *ſleep* or *die*:
They, with their ſtrong *Cherubic Guards* unite,
And like the *Thund'ring Legion*, Pray and Fight.
For now the long expected *Morn* aroſe
Which ſhow'd the *rugged Front* of their embattled Foes.
Not eager *Lovers*, with more *Tranſport* ſee
Long abſent *Friends*, than theſe their *Enemy*.
Tho' all they wiſh'd, the *Numbers* and the *Ground*
Were *theirs*, and Hills, and Woods, and Shades profound:
Without ſuch *Odds*, we had not fought 'em *fair*,
Deep *Trenches* here, and tow'ring *Ramparts* there;
A *Wall* of *Cannon*, which in Fire and Smoak,
Their Maſters *laſt* (and *only*) *Reaſon* ſpoke;
Their *Flank* the *Danube fatally* ſecures,
Whoſe Stream a Foreign Lord *ill-pleas'd* endures;
Nor this ſuffic'd, in *Front* a deep *Moraſs*,
Denying all that wanted *Wings* to paſs;
But ſoon our General's *Conduct* and his *Care*
Strong *Flying-Bridges* threw, and march'd in *Air*.
When from the *Bogs Abyſs* a *Fantome* roſe,
And did his vaſt tremendous Form diſcloſe,
His Armour burniſh'd *Braſs*; a *Shield* he wore
Of poliſh'd *Steel*, with *Liſſes* powder'd o'er,
Whoſe *drooping* Heads ſurcharg'd with *Humane Gore*;

Diſ-

Disdainful was his *Air*, as when he fell,
He was no *Vulgar Potentate* in Hell.
" Shall we look on, and no Assistance lend
" Our *darling* Nation, and our bravest *Friend*!
" Must then a *Woman* crush our Rising State!
" O *Envy* ! O *Malignity* of Fate!
" Can *BOURBON* fall like *feeble AUSTRIA*! Can
" A *God confess'd* submit to less than *Man*!
" Ye Powers! do *two ELIZA's* breath in *ANNE*!
" Shall *Partial Heav'n* her *Arms* and *Counsels* guide,
" And for her *General* such a *Guard* provide!
(He saw the *shining Warriors* by his side.)
" Must *Natures* self within his Ranks take Pay,
" While pressing on the great *decisive Day*,
" *Big* with such vast Events!--- *Bold Mortal*, stay!
" Tho' *Water*, *Earth*, and *Air*, I must resign,
" I'll try if *all* the *Elements* are thine.
" *TURENNE*, and *SCHOMBERG*, for a *THIRD* prepare
" Your *Silent Shades*! this *Moment* sees him there.
He said, then to a murd'ring *Cannon* press'd,
Travers'd the Piece, and points it at his *Breast*;
One of his *Train* gives *Fire*, the *Bullet* takes its flight,
And drew behind a *Trail* of deadly *Light*:
But Glorious *MICHAEL*, who attends unseen,
Stepp'd in, and threw his *Seven-fold Targe* between:
'Twas he, for the *RED-CROSS* adorn'd his *Breast*,
And the *Old Dragons* spoils his dreadful *Crest*;
Dropp'd short the Firey *Messenger* of *Death*,
As with his Journey *tired*, and out of Breath.
The *Fiend* blasphem'd, his hopeful Project cross'd,
And thrice *renounc'd* what long before 'h' had *lost*;
Did thence amidst the thickest *Ranks* retire,
And all with his own *desp'rate Rage* inspire:
'Twas well his *Caitiff-Body* was but Air,
Or *MARLBOROUGH* had found and seiz'd him there.
Who, all things now prepar'd to strike the Blow,
Thus to his *English*---Soldiers! *Here's the Foe*!
Like Air, like Fire, like *English*, swift they ran,
With well-known *Shouts*, the Bloody Toil began;
Against a *Stream* of *Flame*, their Breasts oppose,
And *turn* th' impetuous *Tide* against their Foes.
Now *fight Philistines*, or your *Dagon's* gone,
The Sacred *Ark* prevails, and you're undone.
They did, as *LEWIS* were himself in sight,
As who for *Life*, and more, for *Empire* fight;
Forget themselves, and charge, and charge again,
Nor only in their *On-set more than Men*;

Rally'd and *rally'd* ſtill, tho' bored and broke,
And *Death* with *Death* repay'd, and *ſtroke* with *ſtroke*.
And did *we ſhrink*! Cou'd *Engliſh Troops* give way!
Say you who *met* them! *Bold*, tho' *Conquer'd* ſay!
Preſs'd by your *Numbers*, did they *ſeem* to *fly*,
Or *halt*? Did any leave their *Ranks* to *die*?
How *decently* they fell, unknowing how to *yield*,
And with what *Manly Bodies* ſpred the Field!
What *Warrior*'s there, with *Deaths* encompaſs'd round?
It ſhou'd be *CUTTS*, but he's *without a Wound*:
So many a *Scar* from former *Fields* he wore,
He now *eſcapes*, nor was there *room* for more:
Thus *Stars* which in the *Galaxy* combine
With *numerous Rays*, yet *undiſtinguiſh'd* ſhine.
Thee, *INGOLDSBY*! new Trophies ſtill adorn,
And *Colours* from the *Gallic Center* torn.
What Strength cou'd *MORDANTS lively force* withſtand,
What *Lightning* in his *Eye*! What *Thunder* in his *Hand*!
Conſcious of his *High-birth*, Great *ORKNAY* ſtood,
Wall'd with the *Slain*, and *moated* round with *Blood*,
O *Noble NORTH*! how dearly didſt thou ſell
That *mighty Hand*, which not Inglorious fell!
Falling it *graſps* thy *Sword*; it *threatens* ſtill,
Trembling in Death, and ſcarce forbears to *kill*.
Thus were our *Engliſh Nobles* wont to *charge*;
Thus did our *Empire* and their *Fame* enlarge;
Such *High Achievements* grac'd their *pond'rous Shields*,
Such *Laurels* did they reap in *Sanguine Fields*.
Look down ye *Bleſs'd*, O *Courcy*, *Talbot*, *Vere*!
Look down, and own your *Genuine Off-ſpring* here!
Glory's too mean a *Prize*; 'tis *falſe*, tho' *bright*,
But theſe for *LIBERTY*, and *EUROPE* fight:
'Tis *fairly thrown*, the *Gains* will quit the *Coſt*;
This *Evening* ſees a *World* preſerv'd or loſt.
At diſtance *lab'ring* round Great *EUGENE* ſee,
And with him the *Remains* of *Germany*!
Nor were they *unemploy'd*; nor wou'd the Foe
Led by *BAVARIA*, yield without a Blow.
So a *fell Wolf*, who long uncheck'd has *prowl'd*,
And *ſcowr'd* the *Plains*, and *ſtorm'd* the trembling *Fold*;
If him the *Shepherds* to his *Covert* track
And aided by their faithful *Dogs* attack,
So *grins oblique*, *fierce*, tho' encompaſs'd round
Still fights, and none eſcape without a *Wound*:
Thrice charg'd the *Prince* undaunted, *thrice repel'd*,
And *Victory* the *Balance* tott'ring held.

Of Troops, Brigades, and Wings the reſt take care,
But *MARLBOROUGH* alone is *every where*;
As *PRUDENCE* bids, the *various Battle* views,
Like *Nature*, what is loſt by *Time* and *Death* renews;
Till *COURAGE* calls, her *well-known Voice* he hears,
Erect, and *greater* than himſelf appears:
With him the *Engliſh Cavalry* advance,
And *charge*, and *mingle* with the *Flow'r of France*.
(Not *Clouds* with *Thunder* arm'd more rudely *claſh*,
Or beamy *Light'nings* brighter *Horror* flaſh)
They *feel* the *Odds*, their *antient Lords* they try,
Beneath *Superiour Valour* bend and *ply*,
And now had little elſe to do but *die*.
CHURCHIL, who like his *Brother look'd* and *fought*,
One Army *ſlew*, *another Captive* brought:
And now 'tis *done*, the *mighty Struggle's* paſs'd,
The *braver*, *juſter* ſide prevails at laſt;
France may be beat, her *Iron Reign* is o'er,
The *Scourge* and *Terror* of the World's no more:
There, *LEWIS*, all thy *blaſted Laurels* lie,
And there thy *UNIVERSAL MONARCHY!*
The *hoary Warriors* boaſt their Spoils in vain;
Th' *Invincibles* are broke, th' *Immortal Squadron's* ſlain.
Unfortunately brave! no longer blame
Or rob each other of your *dear-bought* Fame!
Compoſe your *Strife!* what *Gallic Arms* cou'd do
By *Engliſh preſs'd*, was *dar'd* and *done* by you.
Did you not *Breaſt to Breaſt* their Troops oppoſe,
Did you not long ſuſtain th' *unequal Foes!*
Ruſh on their *Swords*, your *certain Fate* deſpiſe,
Devoted your great *Moloch's* Sacrifice?
Will then *his Orders* ne'er admit *debate*,
And muſt you conquer e'en in *ſpite of Fate*?
Your *Nations Genius* never ſoar'd ſo high:
You can't like *Engliſh fight*, or *Romans die*.
Let *Chronicles* to future Worlds recite
The *Carnage*, and the Reliques of the Fight:
What thouſands *pluing'd* in *Death* their *Lives* to ſave,
And ſought glad *Refuge* underneath the *Wave*:
Sinking, a *ghaſtly Look* behind 'em threw,
Left to the *bottom* we ſhould them *purſue*.
Tho' their more *Valiant Leader* dar'd ſurvive,
And to adorn our *Triumphs*, deign to *live*.
What *Armies* we of *Generals* lead away,
What *Lumber-Captains*, and how large a *Prey!*
Tho' kind *Gazettes* repair the Loſs with eaſe
And raiſe new *Paper-Squadrons*, as they pleaſe.

But why to *ſlow*! Why does not *LEWIS ſtamp*,
Or with a *Nod* recruit *BAVARIA's* Camp?
Muſt he for *Nature's* tardy Methods wait?
Th' *Immortals* in an inſtant can *create*:
Nor did his Friend the *Shadow* Court in vain:
See him *affected Regal* Honours gain
E'en in his *Flight*, for thus did *France* ordain;
Till the next *Vacancy* Preferment brings,
And ranks him in the *College of his Kings*.

Let others *file* the *Triumphs* that remain;
We *glean* ſome *Dukes*, and a *few Towns* we gain,
The *annual* Work of but one long *Campaign*:
We *came*, we *conquer'd* e'en before we *ſaw*,
Augſburgh and *Ulm*, but *fought* for thee, *Landau*!

And now for *Peace* ſhou'd *Europe* humbly ſue,
And *generous France* the Treaty deign renew;
Shou'd ſhe the *Glory* of her *Arms* deny,
And *condeſcend* to part with *Germany*;
Her *Righteous Cauſe* to *Rome's* bleſs'd Umpire leave,
Who cannot be *deceiv'd*, nor can *deceive*;
What happy *Halcyon-days* wou'd ſoon enſue!
How juſt, how firm th' *Alliance*, and how true!
Thus, ſoon may *LEWIS* move, and thus may thoſe
Who *ſcarce diſguis'd*, declare for *Europe's* Foes:
And had their *Counſels* been purſu'd before,
Our *Heroe* ne'er had left our *Engliſh Shore*:
The *mighty* Work had ſtill been *uncompleat*,
And Heav'n in vain had form'd him *Wiſe* and *Great*.

We *merit Chains*, if *France* agen we truſt
Who *will* not, *cannot*, to his *Oaths* be *juſt*.
His *Frowns* are *manly*, but his *Smiles* are *baſe*;
Thoſe *fairly kill*, theſe *ſtab* with an *Embrace*.
BAVARIA, *COLOGNE*, *greater Names* can ſay,
How dearly for his *Friendſhip* forc'd to pay.
May thoſe be *bleſs'd* with ſuch a *ſtrong Ally*,
Who ſtart at *Swords*, and wou'd by ling'ring *Poiſons* die!
Let *War*, entail'd on *future Luſtres* come,
And worſe than War protracted, *Feuds* at home;
So our loud *Crimes* may not ſo high aſcend,
As to pull down the *Curſe* of having *France our Friend*!
The *Die* is *caſt*, and *Fortune courts* the *Brave*,
No *Medium's* left, he muſt be *Lord* or *Slave*.

Too long, *Illuſtrious CHIEF*! have we delay'd
The *Praiſe*, the *Triumphs* which can ne'er be *pay'd*:
We *lent* thee to th' *Allies*, but never *gave*;
Haſt thou *another GERMANY* to ſave!
At length he leaves the Friendly Belgian Shore,
What *Myriads* ſtretch to meet him *Half-ſeas o'er*;

While his lov'd *Name* their *Hearts* and *Lips* employs,
Prevents their *Eyes*, and antedates their *Joys*;
Some praiſe his equal Conduct in the *State*,
In *Council* calm, unmov'd by warm *Debate*;
Above a narrow *Faction's* mean Deſign,
True as the *Sun* to the *Meridian Line*;
Great in the *Court*, yet him the *Country* bleſs,
Great in the *Camp*; how *rare* a Happineſs!
Him his glad *Native Soil*, him *Forein Kings* careſs.
Victorious both in *Council* and in *War*,
Nothing's deny'd, where He's th' *Embaſſador*;
Some his *Dexterity*, for *Buſineſs* made;
His *Application* theſe, and timely *Aid*;
Some his *Humanity*; How *eaſie* of *Acceſs*,
How prone to *Aid*, and Pity and Redreſs,
How *form'd* to *Help*, how *made* to *Pleaſe* and *Bleſs*.
While others chuſe his *Laurels* fetch'd from *far*,
Fight o're his *Battels* and renew the *War*;
Like the *Great Spirit* that moves this *various Whole*,
Is **Marlborough** his num'rous Armies *Soul*;
'Tis he *informs* each Part, his Looks inſpire,
With vigorous *Wiſdom*, and with temper'd *Fire*.
Nothing he leaves to *Chance's* blind Pretence,
But all is *Prudence*, all is *Providence*.
Firm and *Intrepid* to the laſt Degree,
Alike from *Slowneſs*, and from *Raſhneſs* free;
The *French* and *German* Virtues he unites,
Like one *Conſults*, and like the other *Fights*.
Above mean Arts of *ſpinning* long Campaigns,
Where both may *loſe*, but neither Party *gains*:
'Twas not for *This* his *Engliſh march'd* ſo far,
He came to *End*, and not to *make* a War.
The *Torrent* of his Conqueſts flows ſo faſt,
Like *Waves*, the *firſt* is bury'd in the *laſt*:
When *Liege* the *Deluge* of his Arms ſubdu'd,
Bavaria might his gath'ring Fate have view'd.
One Summer's *Iſthmus* only did repreſs
The two vaſt *rival Seas* of his *Succeſs*,
While *Fate took time to breath* — that *Inſtant* o're,
The Waters rend away the *narrow Shore*:
Both *Oceans* meet, new Hills on Hills are toſs'd,
And mingling Waves in friendly Waves are loſt.
The *Macedonian Youth*, whoſe Arms ſubdu'd
Soft Perſia, and the *wild* Hydaſpes view'd,

While his lov'd *Name* their *Hearts* and *Lips* employs,
Prevents their *Eyes*, and antedates their *Joys*;
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True as the *Sun* to the *Meridian Line*;
Great in the *Court*, yet him the *Country* bleſs,
Great in the *Camp*; how *rare* a Happineſs!
Him his glad *Native Soil*, him *Forein Kings* careſs.
Victorious both in *Council* and in *War*,
Nothing's deny'd, where He's th' *Embaſſador*;
Some his *Dexterity*, for *Buſineſs* made;
His *Application* theſe, and timely *Aid*;
Some his *Humanity*; How *eaſie* of *Acceſs*,
How prone to *Aid*, and Pity and Redreſs,
How *form'd* to *Help*, how *made* to *Pleaſe* and *Bleſs*.
While others chuſe his *Laurels* fetch'd from *far*,
Fight o're his *Battels* and renew the *War*;
Like the *Great Spirit* that moves this *various Whole*,
Is **Marlborough** his num'rous Armies *Soul*;
'Tis he *informs* each Part, his Looks inſpire,
With vigorous *Wiſdom*, and with temper'd *Fire*.
Nothing he leaves to *Chance's* blind Pretence,
But all is *Prudence*, all is *Providence*.
Firm and *Intrepid* to the laſt Degree,
Alike from *Slowneſs*, and from *Raſhneſs* free;
The *French* and *German* Virtues he unites,
Like one *Conſults*, and like the other *Fights*.
Above mean Arts of *ſpinning* long Campaigns,
Where both may *loſe*, but neither Party *gains*:
'Twas not for *This* his *Engliſh march'd* ſo far,
He came to *End*, and not to *make* a War.
The *Torrent* of his Conqueſts flows ſo faſt,
Like *Waves*, the *firſt* is bury'd in the *laſt*:
When *Liege* the *Deluge* of his Arms ſubdu'd,
Bavaria might his gath'ring Fate have view'd.
One Summer's *Iſthmus* only did repreſs
The two vaſt *rival Seas* of his *Succeſs*,
While *Fate took time to breath* — that *Inſtant* o're,
The Waters rend away the *narrow Shore*:
Both *Oceans* meet, new Hills on Hills are toſs'd,
And mingling Waves in friendly Waves are loſt.
The *Macedonian Youth*, whoſe Arms ſubdu'd
Soft Perſia, and the *wild* Hydaſpes view'd,

Beyond a *mortal Linage* ſtrove to riſe,
And claim'd *ambitious Kindred* with the *Skies*:
But had his *Phalanx* won ſuch Fame as ours,
And routed *Bourbon*'s and *Bavaria*'s Pow'rs,
For *Ammon*'s *Son* too Great, he' had ſoar'd above,
And fill'd the *Car* of *Mars*, or *Throne* of *Jove*:
Our *Conqu'ror ſaves* more than the *Greek* o're-*ran*,
Yet *bows* to Heav'n, and owns himſelf a *Man*:
Forbids thoſe *Altars* we attempt to *raiſe*,
At once ſurmounts both *Vanity* and *Praiſe*.
But *Emperors* alike, and *Poets* err,
Who ſtrive to *reach* his *finiſh'd Character*:
The Name of **Marlborough** ſuch worth proclaims,
Hero and *Prince*, to *That*, are vulgar Names:
His *Sov'raign*'s Smiles and *Heav'n*'s alone can pay
What *Europe* ows him for ſo *Great a Day*.
And now her awful Head *BRITANNIA* rears
On her own *Cliffs*, an *azure Robe* ſhe wears,
The Sword and long-conteſted *Trident* bears:
While her *White-Rocks*, the *Turrets* of her Court
Can ſcarce th' impatient Gazer's *Weight* ſupport;
While thither all her *Subjects* turn their Eyes,
Like *Perſians* when their *God* prepares to riſe;
And *Thouſands* after Thouſands crowding ran,
Pleas'd with the *Concourſe*, thus the Nymph began:
" If ever *Joy* admitted of *Exceſs*
" It muſt be now, for *mine* is hardly leſs;
" Already the *lov'd Man* you wait 's in Sight,
" The diſtant Skies are *ting'd* with radiant Light;
" The Waves can ſcarce ſupport the *Weight* he brings,
" As proud as when they brought you *Captive Kings*;
" Yet, e're agen his *Native Sands* are preſs'd,
" And Earth with his *triumphant Footſteps* bleſs'd,
" With Care a *Mother*'s kind Advice attend,
" 'Tis *BRITAIN* ſpeaks, a *Mother* and a *Friend*;
" So may you brighter *Trophies* ſtill obtain,
" Nor Heav'n on favour'd *ALBION ſmile* in vain.
" Enough, my Sons, enough of *Noiſe* and *Strife*,
" And Stern *Debate*, the deadlieſt *Plague* of Life!
" Now *learn to Love!* your *Arrows* cloſe unite,
" Unbroke and firm, as your own *Ranks* in fight.
" My *Senates* will, I know they will, combine
" To fruſtrate tott'ring *France*'s *laſt* Deſign;

" If *thoſe* agree ſhe *doubly* muſt *deſpair*,
" If not, we loſe at *Home* our Gains in *War*;
" *Contend* they may, and warmly will *debate*
" Which moſt ſhall *Guard*, and moſt *adorn* the State:
" Their only *Strife*, their only grand *Conteſt*,
" Which loves their *Sovereign* and their *Country* beſt;
" How weighty falls the *Curſe* on thoſe, whoſe *Pride*
" Or *Intereſt* wou'd thoſe *ſacred Names* divide?
" Why ſhou'd they *claſh* who *equal Good* intend,
" Or differ in the *Methods* more than *End*?
" Preſerve, my Sons, thoſe *Barriers* Heav'n has made!
" Let none my *antient Land-marks* dare invade!
" *Unenvious* to yourſelves your Bliſs poſſeſs,
" And be for once *Content with Happineſs!*
" Look round the *ſpatious Globe* and find a *Spot*,
" Like that which bounteous Heav'n has made your *Lot!*
" War, Fire, and Rapine ſcow'r all *Europe*'s Plains;
" *Here*, thron'd in Blood, a *moody Tyrant* reigns,
" Who when his waſted *Treaſure* wants Supplies,
" *Preaches* againſt the *Sin of Avarice*;
" Weak Councils, and contending Intereſt, *There*,
" With much of Pain, Expence, Intrigues and Care,
" Nouriſh *Eternal Seeds* of Strife and War;
" While Sacred *ANNA* in my *Albion* reigns,
" Whoſe *equal Hand* my *Sword* and Heav'n's ſuſtains;
" See her the bright capacious *Balance* hold,
" Like that which ſhines above, and flames with *heav'nly Gold!*
" In vain the *Gaul* his *antient Arts* has ſhown,
" And in the *Scale* his pond'rous *Sword* has thrown;
" Her *temper'd Blade* to th' adverſe Scale apply'd,
" *His mounts* in Air, and *feels* the juſter Side;
" Nor will ſhe *Sheath* it, to the Hilts *embrew'd*,
" And *drunk* with hoſtile Blood, till *France* and *Vice* ſubdu'd;
" Yet *Calm* as thoſe above, if ought they know,
" Ought that concerns their *militant Friends* below,
" When *Tyrants* here *ſubdu'd*, or *Monſters* ſlain,
" A *ſober Joy* ſhoots round th' *Etherial* Plain;
" Never *elate* with *Good*, with *Ills depreſs'd*,
" Nor *Storms*, nor *Sun*, diſturb her *Halcyon-Breaſt*.
" How *firmly* Wiſe! How *Great*, in *eaſie State!*
" What *Goodneſs* does Majeſtick *Power* rebate!
" *Strong*, as *Hyperion* ſhoots his Golden Light,
" Yet *mild*, her Rays, as *Cynthia*'s, and as bright.
" Her Soul, like the Superior Orbs, *Serene*,
" Which know not what a *Cloud* or *Tempeſts* mean,

" Tho'

" Her Arms beyond [illegible]
" And antient *Calpe* [illegible] Empire own.
" Resound the *Libyan*, and the *Celtic* Shore,
" Her *Conqu'ring* Sailors shout, her *Cannons* dreadful Roar;
" If *distant Regions* taste her friendly Care,
" How bless'd who her *Maternal* Goodness share!
" While *Peace* and *Justice* she at Home maintains,
" And in her Subjects *Hearts* unrival'd reigns.
" Whom has She not oblig'd! How *wretched* those
" Who are their own, and Hers, and *Virtue's* Foes!
" *Eliza* might have learnt from Her to *please*,
" Herself she *Taxes* for her Peoples ease.
" What *Altars* by her generous Hand supply'd,
" Whose *Flames* have *dimly* roll'd, whose *Fires* had dy'd,
" Shall shine with *Incense* which her Bounty threw,
" And constant *Intercourse* with Heav'n renew;
" From thence a large Return of *Blessings* gain,
" Nor have her grateful Offerings *blaz'd* in vain;
" The *Vested Priests* the cheerful *Flame* surround,
" *Deserted Domes* are throng'd, and *Altars* crown'd;
" For Her their *Vows*, for Her their *Victims* bleed;
" *Long, long may She herself, herself succeed!*
" *Long, e're from Life and her lov'd Prince she part!*
" *'Tis less to share a* Crown *than share her* Heart.

She said, and now the *smiling Surges* bore
Her best-lov'd Son safe to her *Oazy* Shore,
Who from th' expecting *Crowd* with speed withdrew,
And *shunn'd* the *Triumphs* which his Steps *pursue*.
BRITANNIA gaz'd intemp'rate on his Face;
He saw, and *bow'd*, and ran to her Embrace;
But what they *said*, a Mortal strives in vain,
('Tis pass'd the *Pow'r of Numbers*) to explain;
Such was the *moving Scene*, if not the same,
When *Love*, and his *Illustrious Consort* came,
Th' unrival'd Sharer of his *Heart* and *Fame*.
Blow soft, ye *gentle Winds*, let Storms retire!
Ye *gentle Winds*, Ambrosial Sweets respire,
Soft as *chast Lovers sighs!* Let Nature bring
Th' *inverted Year*, and raise a *second Spring*.
On Forein Shores let *War* and *Winter* rest,
Our *Happy Isle*, of MARLBOROUGH possess'd,
With *Peace*, and with *Eternal Verdure* bless'd.

FINIS.